

Pumps Vim Into Worn-Out Men

Wouldn't you like to have your friends point to you and say: "There goes a strong man"? Do you not wish your eye to be so bright, your step so firm and your form so erect that men and women will admire you and remark at your manly bearing? These are the thoughts uppermost in the minds of modern men—physical and mental perfection, strength and power.

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"Two months' use of Electro-Vigor has cured me of stomach and kidney troubles and a severe case of lame back. It has also put new strength and vigor into me, making life pleasant to live. I am recommending your appliance to all whom I know to be suffering."

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FRENCH LAUNDRY

By Court Martial

By William Maxwell in Pacific Monthly.

Who's he there, sitting on his coffin lid Beneath the pine? Hard set and white his face, His pipe between his lips From which, in little sips, The puffs of short white smoke are slid, Who's he beneath the hangman's tree, the place

Where shrift is short? Before his face His grave, new dug, which smells of clay.

The Provost Marshal, like a rod, Stands straight to send a soul to God, And dawn creeps grey and chill.

'Tis not an easy thing to die, alone and cold;

To see the grave unroll In the chill dawn; without

The maddening yell, the charge, the shout,

The blood vibrating like a bell, and mad to kill

Or to be killed; to see the red blood spill

And taste a tiger's joy. But all alone To feel the sluggish spirit oozing out, Till coward clay be left, which whines and begs

But yet a little more to live. Who is it, hard as stone,

Who looks into the hollow eyes of Fate?

'Tis Johnson—Johnson of the Twenty-eighth: He looks upon the scared-faced Provost Guard

And nods and smiles, tapping the coffin shell,

"I'll sleep a long time here—a long time, boys, and well.

"Come, boys, you hain't no call to take it hard."

He neither whines nor begs, but rubs and chafes his ironed legs.

The Provost muttering, grim and hoarse,

"Hell will be full of women, when such men are scarce."

They cast a look from eye to eye aside From that new grave, so deep and gaping wide:

The Captain turns away his head And cannot look on him who will be dead,

And everyone seems cowardly to shrink Save him on whom the polished iron clink.

They thought of Johnson at the Guilford Bridge, Where Death's pot boiled and leaden bees

Were singing with death sting upon the breeze.

"Who'll cut the bridge? Who'll cut," the Colonel said,

"Who'll cut the stringer? Who will cut?"

But no man answered, till Fame gripped and led

This blue-shirt man before them all, and Johnson put

Across his arm a quartermaster's axe, And, whistling shrill, as he were felling trees,

Sent chips a-flying, to the rifle cracks, A coroner of flame along the ridge,

Till groaned, and sunk, and fell, the Guilford Bridge.

The rebels joined the tribute of our self;

But Johnson, turning, shouted, "Go to Hell."

And shook his fist and grinned. At Seven Oaks,

The Devil's pit, the whole line lived and heartened on his jokes;

The boy Jim Hayward, scared into a fit;

He tossed him 'bacco, laughing, saying slow,

"Chaw this; keep cool; take aim; fire low;

"And don't forget to spit.

"No bullet's cast that you or me will hit."

Cold Harbor's charge—the wild, mad, thrilling dash,

Horse heel, bright steel, yells, shrieks and blinding crash,

The spitting tongues of flame to beard, Blood splashing, spouting, death cries, groans;

The waves of Hell, unborn By shrieking shells, all torn,

Flesh, bone and bols, clean sheared The Colonel's head from trunk, the field alive with moans,

But Johnson the front There in the whirl and brunt

Where afterward a mound of bones Showed wreck where bloody seas were met.

The tide rolled backward. Here his Captain lay,

And Johnson with his cheery "Hello, Cap."

Him, as a cat her kitten, without hap, Between two armies bore him carefully,

Just stooping, first, his tin canteen to set

Beside a rebel boy cut half in twain. Both sides made pause, and cheered with might and main,

Five times on battlefield, with chevrons laced,

Five times with rum, loot, rioting, disgraced,—

Johnson, of the Twenty-eighth. He marched, drank, pillaged, drank and fought,

Fought like a pirate on his streaming deck;

Fought like him with freight of crazed slaves,

One grim last look to sky and sliding waves,

As up they swarm to make his world a wreck.

Fought with a joy in fighting no man ought.

Johnson, of the Twenty-eighth. The rum fiend sat with Johnson long and late,

Threw open wide the world's too church-lush bars.

Rubbed cheek to jaw, and elbow to elbow,

Called in his merry imps and sang "Hullo";

Then showed beneath the cruel chuckling stars

A woman leaning on a moonlit gate. The shameful, shameless deed was done; a cry.

A woman weeps her fill. The moon sails heedless through the heartless sky

And God is still. Then iron—glare of sun—the guard—the court—

The little birds that flit so free, The squirrels on the pines, for sport, Then Death in epaulettes and gold aiguillettes,

Official voiced and solemnly, "Tomorrow you, too, shall be free.

"You, Johnson, of the Twenty-eighth."

The red last sun which slowly set; The coward night so filled with awful things,

A blind and stupid God, and then—The dawn—the coffin, and the white-faced men.

A buzzard poises, wheeling on set wings,

And that so little hole in which to end the world.

The chaplain comes,—The solemn muffled drums, But Johnson smiles with white and steady pluck,

"No, thank you, Chaplain; I will trust to luck.

"No handage, Captain. Let me give the word.

"It's all I ask; "I want my eyes wide open to the sky,

"I've looked at guns before." The armorer knocks

The iron off—God!—That's the click of locks!

He licks his lips. Somewhere the sound is heard

Of trilling bird. Then, steadfastly, With eyes wide open, looking at the flame,

"Fire!" Perhaps somewhere, somehow, they'll purge the blame

Of that blue shirt, blue eyes and bloody mire—

Johnson, of the Twenty-eighth.

WOMEN BEFORE THE POPE.

Most people know that it is etiquette at the papal court for women, whatever their rank, to appear in black, but few know that an exception to this rule is made for the pope's sisters and niece, all of whom are privileged to wear white at the audiences and church ceremonies, but the old ladies do not avail themselves of the relaxation of an ordinary rigid regulation, though the niece makes a point of wearing white when attending papal functions, her mantilla as well as her dress being as white as snow.

Another little known point of papal etiquette is that women who come to the public or private audiences must keep the right hand uncovered; indeed, it is even more correct for both hands to be ungloved.—Lady's Pictorial.

"The duchess speaks kindly of America." "That's nice of her." "All the more so, I think, since she was born and raised in Milwaukee."—Kansas City Journal.

Dr. Pillem—You needn't worry about your wife. She has a remarkable constitution! Henpeck—Say, doc, you ought to see her by-laws, rules, and regulations!—Life.



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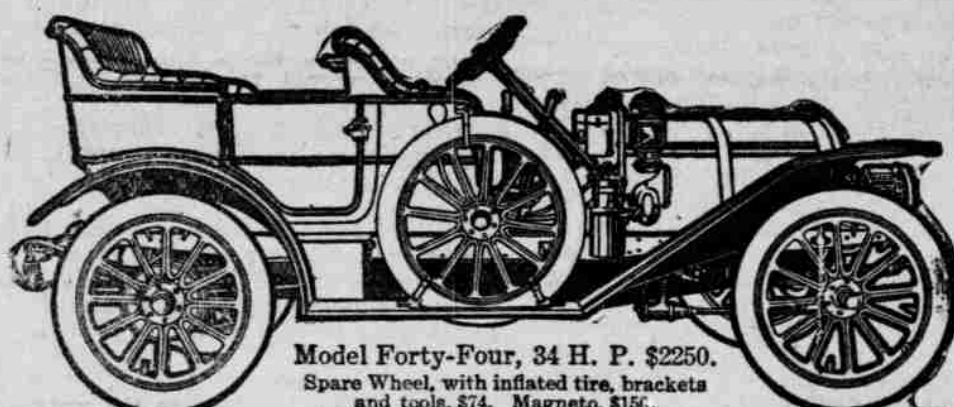
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